/90/

Seventh Chapter

March from Cuyabá to the Dacúbe Bekaáb on the Rio Novo

/Pages 90-99 are omitted in the numbering./

/100/

142 14 June. 6:40 A.M.: dry. 19.9, wet. 18.2, spec. 8, 5 2-3.
Like yesterday, the south wind brings low-moving cloud masses.

122 Today the men are ready very quickly, off shortly before seven o'clock in the morning.

[139] [147] Predominantly meadow, a narrow, hard path leads through it, on which one can mostly trot. A number of trees greet us as the first eminencies. A wide expanse of campo has been freshly burned off. It is said that wild animals like to seek out these "queimadas" /see the glossary, p. 172 / because of the salty ashes. A number of curicacas (ibis), in the distance an ostrich, which Pedro and the dogs pursue in vain.

[36]

361 At nine o'clock we see the "aldeamento" /see the glossary, p. 170 / of the Bekaáb /Becairi/ in the distance: four houses, the sunshine gives the illusion of slate roofs, a few naked torsos hasten inside, clothed persons step outside. In the immediate vicinity the settlement shrinks to actual palm-straw huts.

[342]

622 /99/ Daniel is on the spot and introduces us to "Captain Reginaldo." Reginaldo da Silva Nogueira, from the walnut forest /Nussewald/. A man in his forties with a broad chest, long, curly black hair, a friendly look, but silent; hat, shirt, trousers in good condition.

594 General handshaking. A half dozen, mostly young, broad-shouldered men, likewise in their Sunday best, sit on the fence of the cattle yard. The crown of creation is absent. -- Gradually the procession draws up, and everyone settles down at home. By way of greeting, sugar cane is sucked and a swallow of liquor permitted.

A [i.e. village -- Analyst?]

I. Strauss--36 }E-5 (1884) 1886 SPT Because JP?

/137/

Eleventh Chapter

The Wild Sateáif. The Kunnad /Cuttenau/.

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After all kinds of troubles during the morning, we gave-eled for a stretch without difficulties on the afternoon of 11 August, and again there was heard the rumble of the cachoeira /cataract; see the glossary, p. 170 /, which by this time had become positively gruesome for us all. To our joyous amusement we found an Indian canoe on the left shore. Below a beautiful waterfall poured forth on two ledges; poles and steps were set in it; it foamed and churned in a basin, only to form another level farther below.

[488]

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For the moment, however, we have no eye for the salto; where are the Indians? We all gather, leave behind three men to guard the canoes, and push forward, gun in hand. -- The ground is strewn with jatobá /see the glossary, p. 171 / fruits; a well-trod path leads inland. We pass by a tree, into the bark of which the outlines, one-half life-sized, of a man above and a woman below have been crudely carved.

[137]
[489]
[532]

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Silently our column marches through the forest -- the narrow path stops -- a clearing. There is thick smoke and steam rising from the tree stumps that stand there like broken pillars, in between a tangle of trunks and boughs on the ground, everything in

/137 cont./

241 the process of being cleared. The pillar of smoke that had drawn our attention for several days is explained: the forest was
122 being cleared in order to lay out a planting. Eagerly scouting, we climb up, and again we are wandering along the forest path.

/138/ "Beiju," somebody cries in a suppressed voice and
[262] triumphantly points to a few crumbs, which give us the prospect of new provisions. "they have beiju," each one murmurs to the man behind him.

[411] There -- a feather-decorated arrow leans against a tree
324 -- the tube of ubá, the wood from which the Imperador /emperor/
373 of the legend created the Bakairí. We become more serious, and even the Negroes, who, when they are afraid, like to try to give themselves courage by chattering march on silently. Now and then small fires, alive or burned out. We have already been
[137] walking three-quarters of an hour. But see there, a new clearing -- a charming grove of nut-bearing bacayuva palms -- a few kernels of maize on the ground, again a bit of forest and "Casas -- houses," the first man cries.

341 Three houses of the form of a beehive become visible; in
342 the first hut, which blocks our path, the low door stands open. in the dark we make out a few heads. A completely naked
609 Indian steps out, young, well built, closes the door, and comes
[291] toward us. in his hand a long arrow shaft without a point, which he holds horizontally in front of him.

I instruct Antonio to call out a greeting to him in Bakairí. "Kyulino," cries Antonio almost breathless, and -- hail to the antiguos -- the Indian answers in Bakairí. Eagerly he steps up to Antonio, leans against him, and both embrace as they wail on -- both talking at the same time, both trembling all over with fear and excitement.

[302] A joyful feeling of release overcame us all, and when Manoel, discovering that our dear savage wears a nicely shaved tonsure, now finally recovers his speech and cries out, "Oh, why that's a priest, the compadre is a parson," general laughter breaks out, and everybody talks at once.

/161 cont./

carried each piece that she captured to a secret repository lying back off the road, immediately most hurriedly hastening forth for new deeds.

At noon Wilhelm and I went to the aldea [village] Ramón accompanied us, but, suspicious of his fellow villagers, he could not make up his mind to stay with them during the night and returned to the river in the evening.

We set up housekeeping in the festival hut, and, alone with the charming little people, we felt indescribably content. When toward evening the mosquitoes started to annoy us, we took a walk to the milpa [cornfield]. Greedily we looked about for the "huevos de toro," apple-round fruits which were present in numbers on grey-green shrubs, but unfortunately not ripe; the Bakairi boys are no different from ours. A magnificent sunset, the horizon was bordered by a dark park, behind which the sun was setting in reddish orange. We met Foutaga, as our apostle of peace is called, and his relatives on the plaza between the three huts, trying on clothes in great embarrassment. They urgently needed our help: not only did they put the trousers on in reverse and upside down over the legs, but they also tried to draw them up over their arms and wanted to stick their legs into a shirt. Putting on a coat alone was an impossible thing. They were unaware of the most obvious offenses against the elements of propriety. A safety pin was hugely admired, but most of all a pair of scissors with which one could so conveniently cut one's nails. Their tool, the stone ax -- a ground stone is wedged into a wooden handle -- with which they fell trees and make posts, deserves our appreciation no less, from the standpoint of how much can be accomplished with the simplest means, even though in the unspoken accompanying thought that we ourselves /161/ might have to go back to this stage there is a slight admixture of horror. They have no spears, no bananas, no dogs, and tobacco is nowhere to be found. Bones, teeth, shells must serve them as tools, along with the stone ax.

/Illustration appears here./

[i.e. village -- Analyst]

[i.e. cultivated field -- Analyst]

[TEST continues on P. 40]

/163 cont./

629 nus for him -- whereas the boy of a Brazilian colonist, to whom I was called in Rosario, leaped out of bed and fled from me into the forest.

184 823 The old sibyl joined us this evening on the open plaza. She pointed to the west, "Bakairí", to the south, "Bakairí", to the north and east likewise "Bakairí" and finally, describing a circle in the air, she summed up with proud satisfaction, "Bakairí". In translation: "All this is subject to me, admit that I am fortunate."

132 14 Aug. 6:00 A.M.: dry. 11.7, wet. 10.6.
2:00 P.M.: dry. 34.9, wet. 20.0, clear, NE 1.
4:05 P.M.: I 740.9, II 730.0, dry. 36.0, hygrom. 98.825.
9:00 P.M.: dry. 18.0, wet. 17.0.

126 /166/ I was fortunately able to measure these women.
[184] Antonio is very useless as an interpreter and causes more difficulties
[532] than the barnacle people themselves. I also traded for a few maize-straw dolls, judging from the ease with which the transaction was made, there seemed to be no higher or in any sense a religious meaning attached to them.

592 We spent some time in Fanhaga's, or rather Chief Cavéco's House. It differed in nothing essential from that of the proficuae; there were no straw dolls.

139 We found inhame (Dioscorea, yams), which we greeted
252 with joy. -- The fish are grilled on just such racks as we came across on the Batovy: they are exposed to the fire until they are encased in a thick charcoal crust; capybara leg, which tasted like fat fish, and monkey steak were also charred on the outside in this fashion. The crisp charcoal gives the insipid-tasting meat, which is not salted, an -- faute de mieux -- improved flavor. The
[243] Bakairí are also familiar with a very medicinal tasting salt made from tree ashes, which, however, they do not seem to use in the preparation of food.

609 The soldiers, who were paying their farewell visit, were
431 given generous quantities of beijú, puvas, and polvilho /manioc
252 flour; see the glossary, p.172 / as presents. The grated and pounded mandioca is pressed through mats; the pulp is put into

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Lake Albert.

I. Stanley--47 D.E.S. (1890) 1890 SPZ 00 SPZ

/167 cont./

133 Instead of the cachoeiras, the simple rapids now cause us worries. With effort Antonio saved his canoe from capsizing, he escaped with a load of water.

We pass a canal three-fourths of a meter wide, which leads 226 through a meadow to a lagoon. There, when the water is higher, the Bakairí seize the fish passing through the canal. They are not familiar with hooks and catch the fish either in traps or kill them with arrows.

• 137 Attractive park landscape. Many tree skeletons in the 000 water. Width 35-45 meters. We were merrily rowing along and already thinking of picking out an attractive campsite when necessity chose one for us. Wilhelm's canoe with Israel and Chico was shipwrecked a second time, but, to be sure, at a less dangerous spot, after the rapids had already been passed. Everything disappeared in an instant in the waves. Poor Israel, who could not swim, held on to a tree branch jutting up from the bottom; the canoe was quickly righted, and three men safely dragged to shore the unlucky one who, on account of his bittersweet expressions and at the same time irresolute behavior, had to put up with general laughter on top of everything. Valentin caught the tripod of the theodolite, and everybody swam, dived, and paddled with the current. little by little the entire cargo was brought to light, with the exception of the bundle made up of Wilhelm's poncho, blanket, and hammock. All searching remained unsuccessful.

226 The Bakairí have set up for themselves here a natural fish treasury: on the edge of the river bed, boulders are placed loosely beside one another in a circle; the water flows in and out through two larger openings. -- We bring two canoes in, which are to be made flexible and tomorrow bent into shape.

/168/

122 16 Aug. φ 13° 7' .6, λ 5' .9, km. 10.90, total 141.75.
132 7.00 A.M.: dry. 11.1.
10.00 A.M.: I 742.2, II 733.6, dry. 24.7.
5.40 P.M.: I 741.0, II 732.8, dry. 24.9, water 25.0.

/171 cont./

122 19 Aug. ♀ 12° 53'.0, λ 12'.4, km. 31.03, total 195.45.
132 6:35 A.M.: dry. 15.0, water 24.3.
5:43 P.M.: I 742.2, dry. 26.1, water 26.0.
9:30 P.M.: I 742.8, dry. 21.1.

• 137 /172/ The river landscape changes its physiognomy somewhat. Shrubs and light-green, fine-leaved bushes, which form tall bowers or rounded, dense masses, occupy the foreground. Willow-like trees often stand as though planted, with delicate, slender trunks. We have not exactly come out of the forest river into a meadow river, but the low-plain character predominates. The sand barranca is steep. Easterly direction of the river.

122 20 Aug. ♀ 12° 51'.1 λ 12'.8, km. 6.27, total 201.72.
132 7:00 A.M.: dry. 19.3, water 25.1, at night 2-3:00 thunderstorm in NW.

Today the sky is covered with strato-cumulus and the air is showery damp.

133 At an early hour we reached a branch stream 20 meters wide, emptying in quietly from the right. Finally a tributary.

361 The third aldea, located on the left bank, is not quite two
[342] kilometers from the Batovy. There are three huts, lower, smaller,
122 and less conical than previously. We three again install ourselves for a night among the good people, and even Antonio, who has given up his mistrust, sleeps along with us.

364 As agreeable as this "little village" is, it must be called
345 the dirtiest of the three. The floor of the festival hut is covered with dry grass and refuse of all kinds; the sun shines through the roof, so that inside we are able to light our pipe with the burning-
[532] glass. It is obviously still unfinished and new; besides a few arrows and several rattles, flat wooden fish are stuck on the walls as the products of local artistic activity.

162 Census: 13 men, 12 women and -- the most favorable proportion so far -- 19 children. Among them there are a man
142 and a woman of another tribe whom we are to meet farther downstream, the Kustenaŭ /Custenau/. In type I am unable to see any essential difference; in fact, the more Bakaïrí we meet, the more uncertain I am in distinguishing the Carib tribes.

/177 cont./

122 By way of farewell we wanted to drink sweet mingau -- [122] poisoregu -- in the main house; it was bubbling in a big pot. I was /178/ so foolish as to dip a piece of beijú prematurely into the foam -- the old cook leaped up and they all screamed at once, horrified -- the foam was still poisonous. That I did not know this was probably inconceivable to them; but I thought it best to refrain from producing a miracle for them.

SOD It was lasting too long for us; Clauss had to calculate an occultation of Mars that was taking place today. Unfortunately the event which we had long anticipated with pleasure and which would have been doubly important for us so near the Schingú took place before twilight set in.

•Our Bakaïrí visits had come to an end.

[134] In the evening an inferno of mosquitoes. Wilhelm's and my hands and lower arms have for some time been covered with flat, slow-healing sores. They start with a dark blister the size of a pinhead, which contains thin pus; then they become enlarged and discharge a thin, milky secretion. It looks as though they came from the bites of small flies. In connection with the discharge, red scars remain after healing.

122 25 Aug. Φ 12° 26'.2, λ 21'.7, km. 28.83, total 310.90.
132 6:50 A.M.: I 743.2, II 735.2, dry. 14.0, wet. 13.1, mares' tails 3°, wind = 0, water 25.1.
5:30 P.M.: I 744.6, II 735.2, dry. 25.4, wet. 23.3, clear.

133 Heaven only knows when the "Schingú" is finally supposed to appear. After two days there is a river coming from the left, that is no doubt certain, and later on a larger river -- but when? Concerning this there are the most varied interpretations.

At a width of 70-80 meters we measured the speed of the Batovy at 1,416 meters per hour. Barranca three and one-half • 137 meters. Water dirty yellow, as always. Campo, tucum and caranda palms. Low brush on the shore and individual copses about 18 meters high. Araticú, blossoming paratudo.

/48 cont./

880 We therefore named our camping place, which we had taken
[396] possession of shortly after 4:00, Pouso do Jakaré. Antonio took charge of the unfortunate canoe; he shoved it onto a low framework of forked supports, lighted a fire of brush under it, and bent the front part up as much as possible; he stuffed the crack with
[136] rags and smeared it with beeswax. Howling monkeys gave us an evening concert and carried on as dreadfully as though we were supposed to learn how to shudder.

136 We were glad to get up early the next morning; we cursed
●137 the mosquitoes and set out at 6:30 into the light mist floating over the water. The birds twittered and chirped noisily; a kaitetú pig was swimming across the river in the distance. We rowed as soundlessly as possible between the shores covered with campo vegetation: much tall leafy brush and bamboo thicket, out of which rose the tree of the red ants, the imbauva. A fat Mutum cavallo with black plumage shimmering greenish-blue and a sealing-wax red crest was successfully caught and immediately plucked: Antonio carefully collected the wing and tail feathers, which, split and turned spirally, are set on the end of the arrow shaft, for his fellows on the Paranatinga, so that he would have something to bring them from the journey. A small piece of the meat served as bait when we passed through some rapids with exposed boulders and disturbed the matrinchams, which allegedly sleep there between the stones. The two men threw out their lines and at each throw let them strike enticingly a couple of times; they were snapped at, but unfortunately there were no bites. They shot at a couple of playful ariranhas, large fish otters that surface like seals, spit, disappear quick as lightning, and suddenly appear again somewhere far downstream.

224 Shortly after midday Antonio observed torn-off branches on the right bank; we disembarked and, on closer investigation, saw that a piece of slain game, probably a capybara, had been placed on a bed of twigs and leaves in order to protect the meat from sand while it was being eviscerated. There was neither fat nor evidence of fire; the booty had therefore been taken from this spot to the /Pl. 17 appears here/ /49/ camping place or even to the village.

[Text Continues on P.6]

2: Steinen--5 E D-5 (1884, 1887-1888) 1894 SP7 Bacairi SP7

Pl. IV

132
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Tumayaua Inlet

/51 cont./

226 Beyond the cachoeira we counted 13 so-called "currals" /corrals/, circles of boulders in shallower places in the river bed; the fish can enter through a gap in the circle and are then herded together by the Indians and shot. I was not a little surprised when, farther downstream in quiet water, Antonio suddenly stated that a canoe had been here yesterday or the day before; all I noticed was a quantity of small white bubbles near the shore. The foam of the oar stroke is preserved in a path on calm water; not destroyed by waves, the air bubbles remain on the water and are gradually driven to the shore by the wind.

/52/ For two hours we rowed on vigorously, spoke but little and with a soft voice, and, cautiously on the lookout, proceeded into each new bend close to the inner edge. But all signs had ceased. On either side lay tall, silent forest, the river glistened in the sunlight, nothing living stirred within a wide radius, and only a yellow butterfly fluttered past here and there. Shortly before midday the stream bed opened into a rather wide inlet; one could not quite make out whether this was a lagoon or an island formation and the river divided into two types; we landed and I sent the two off to cross the bit of woods that separated us from the lagoon and to examine the course of the water beyond.

I sat on the beach waiting; Carlos was already coming back, when suddenly I notice a canoe a gunshot downstream. A single naked Indian is standing in it and swiftly making for the shore, there he steers the vessel behind the skeleton of a fallen tree and cautiously crouches down in the shelter of it. "Bakaïrí, Bakaïrí," I cried with all my might, "kúra Bakaïrí, áma Bakaïrí, úra Bakaïrí, we are Bakaïrí, you are a Bakaïrí, I am a Bakaïrí, the Bakaïrí are good" -- in short, I shout in joyful excitement whatever is inspired in me by the ghost of reminiscences from the greeting formulas of that particular tribe. And behold: "Bakaïrí, Bakaïrí, Bakaïrí" comes resounding back. Other words are added, which unfortunately I do not understand, but the high voice, rising in uncertainty, bears an unhappily anxious and mistrustful expression, and the arms swing wildly in the air behind

2. Steinen--121 E D-5 (1884, 1887-1888) 1891 SP7 Bacairi SP7

Plate XI

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